

"A BROOM FOR THE STOMACH"

So the French Call Parsley—Pumpkin Rich in Phosphorus.

The French have a saying that "parsley is a broom to sweep the stomach." Lettuce is a liver food. Radishes build tissue and are rich in phosphorus. Also is iron.

Horse-radish contains a higher percentage of sulphur than all the other vegetable roots, spinach ranking next in value. Spinach also contains a large proportion of iron.

A mayonnaise dressing with lettuce is especially desirable for thin people, but for the over plump French dressing is to be recommended. The action of vinegar on the digestive organs, however, is not to be considered. The acid of lemon juice is preferable.

While apples are a most excellent fruit for brads building, which phosphorus aids in the hump pumpkin, desiccated to the uses of pie and jack o' lanterns, holds the prize. Pumpkin rates 2.79 in phosphorus, while apple is but .15.

When in search for this special element take up a pumpkin diet. But as winter squash would stand the same analysis, it can be used as a vegetable in many varieties and thus the needed phosphorus supplied. Cucumbers rank next in phosphorus value to pumpkin, being 2.08. —Vegetarian Magazine.

How the Eye Sees the Eye. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the apparatus of Doctor Fortin for rendering visible the inner structure of the human eye was described. A very brilliant mirror is illuminated with a Cooper Hewitt tube, and the light is reflected into the eye, after traversing two thicknesses of blue glass and being concentrated by a large lens fixed in a screen. The observer places his eye behind the lens at such a distance that the whole field appears uniformly illuminated. What he sees is a reflection of the interior of his own eye. The circulation of the blood in the minute vessels is visible. When a screen pierced with a pinhole is passed rapidly to and fro between the eye and the lens, the structure of the fovea, the minute spot on the retina which is the most sensitive part of the eye, is revealed. The apparatus is designed to aid investigations by oculists.

The Smallest Sheep in the World. The smallest sheep in the world is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be profitable to raise, for it cannot have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat a whole sheep at a single meal. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. It is the dearest little pet imaginable. It is very gentle, and because it is so tiny it is not such a nuisance about the house as the famous lamb which belonged to the little girl named Mary. Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep. One of its peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends when it has been brought up in the house as a pet. If its master or mistress is pleased about anything the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy. On the contrary, if tears are being shed the sympathetic sheep will utter the most pitiful "Ba-a" ever heard.—Washington Star.

Geology and Coal. A European geologist calls attention to the practical bearing of recent geological studies of the construction of the Karpathian Mountains. It has hitherto been assumed that the coal-beds adjoining these mountains terminate at a fault along their edge, but Professor Uhlig shows that the coal must continue under the mountains, and that the proper points to sound for it may be determined simply by the character of the superposed layers. Instead of sounding through the Lower Cretaceous formation, as has been attempted, he points out that the places where the older Tertiary layer shows itself are those where the coal must be nearest the surface. Recent soundings indicate the correctness of his conclusions.

Pocahontas and John Smith. The pretty story of Smith's rescue from imminent death by Pocahontas when he was in the clutches of her rebellious father, Powhatan, has been rather blown upon by later historians. It has been shown that Smith in his earlier narrative only mentions the princess incidentally as a child, and it was not until she came afterward to England and Smith wrote an account of her for the edification of the court that he described vividly how she hazarded the scaling out of her own brains to save his. By that time the romantic Pocahontas had the metamorphosed into Mistress Rebecca Rolfe, wife of a Virginia settler of standing, and her portrait, with plumed hat, ruff and fan, has been duly handed down in this capacity.

Typewriting in Arabic. An American inventor has succeeded in making a typewriting-machine which prints Arabic characters. The principal difficulties to be overcome were in allowing some letters double the space of others, and in providing certain letters with three different forms, according as they fall at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of a word. The machine contains 84 characters, eight of which automatically supply themselves with double the space taken by the others. The machine has been tested by a committee of examiners at Beirut and pronounced satisfactory, but some native critics think several of the letters should have been more elegantly shaped, for in Arabic writing beauty is appreciated as much as legibility.

Friends No Longer. Mrs. Everett—Mrs. Whipper and the Parley woman no longer speak to each other. Mrs. Hallenrager—What a pity! And they used to be such close friends. Do you know what estranged them? Mrs. Everett—Yes; they met at a sale and both wanted the same ranset.

STUNS.

Patience Doctor Tried the Game of Hunting a Case.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient. Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers. "Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home.

Patience he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps. He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?" "No," replied the man, roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"

"Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home. Patience he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps. He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?" "No," replied the man, roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"

She—One never knows what one can do without trying. He—But that's misleading. I knew I could kiss you last night, so why didn't I bother trying.

A High Day. "Yassah! I intingly would do de job for you, Cunnel, and proud of de chance to estinguish muhse!" would hoarw right on it de minute, sah. I 'twuzn't for one thing," said a certain lopsided colored citizen who was so unfrail of manual labor that he would often fall asleep in its presence. "And dat is, sah, dat I never likes to estinguish muhse" by workin' on a hollerday."

His Handcap. Mack—How did she happen to marry a man with only one leg? Wild—He couldn't run away.

WOMAN IN A BULL FIGHT. Career of Music Hall Singer, Who Disguised Herself as a Man. The police have arrested at Naples a woman whose life is an extraordinary romance, according to the London Mirror.

While at Nice, where she was singing at a music hall, she bought for a few shillings a picture which turned out to be a Ghetto. She sold it for \$3,000 and doubled that amount at roulette. Later she lost every penny by gambling, and she has now been arrested for attempting to pawn jewels which did not belong to her.

The Kitchen Dresser. Dr. Johnson tells us that the kitchen dresser was a bench in the kitchen on which meat was dressed, or prepared, for table. Wright, in his "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages," says: "One of the great objects of ostentation in a rich man's house was his plate, which at dinner time he brought forth and spread on the table in sight of his guests. Afterward, to exhibit the plate to more advantage, the table was laid with shelves or steps, on which the different articles could be arranged in rows, one above another. It was called in French, or Anglo-Norman, a dresser, because on it the different articles were dressed, or arranged."

Weighing a Perfume. An Italian physicist, Signor Sabatini, has devised a microbalance of such exquisite delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of a mark-by-volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indifferently weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass, fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end, and the amount of deflection produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 100 diameters. A micro weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

Coal and Prosperity. It has been computed that in 1840 the production and consumption of coal in the United States amounted to a quarter of a ton per head for the entire population; in 1880 the ratio had risen to half a ton per head; in 1890 it was one ton; and in 1899 five tons. As the population itself was increasing enormously all this time, the increase in the amount of coal produced and consumed was, of course, vastly greater than these ratios per head would indicate. The increase has gone hand in hand with the growth of manufactures and industries.

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NOT GROWING COLDER.

Earth's Climate Has Not Changed Within Historic Times.

During the last few years the supposition that the earth is growing colder has received a setback from the consideration of the consequences which result from the discovery of radium in the earth's rocks. If radium exists throughout the interior of the globe in the same quantities in which it appears in the surface rocks, then such is the volume of heat which it would render up that the earth ought to be growing hotter instead of colder.

It furthermore, the earth were slightly increasing in temperature, the amount of rainfall precipitated from the atmosphere would be greater rather than less, and as at the same time, the amount of water, shut up in the earth's rocks would also be forced out in greater quantities by increasing heat, it would not be possible to suppose that the earth's surface was becoming dryer.

Therefore the supposition that the earth has exhibited within historic time any general drying up or any tendency to revert with more and more suspicion, and the hypotheses have been substituted that either the local, or else that they are the results of some season of conditions, the causes of which remain to be discovered.

In short, whatever test be applied, it becomes extremely hard to show that the climate of any portion of the civilized world has appreciably changed within historic time.—London Post.

A Very Big Clock. The village clock, which because of its elevation, size, and isolation seems to the town a great thing, something belonging to the whole community, something for boys and even men to wonder at, exists by the hundred in a metropolis, in church spires and buildings, most of them dwarfed by surrounding skyscrapers of monstrous size, and practically none of them causing a thrill. The city of New York, however, now has a real town clock, a clock that may be seen three miles away, a clock that looms up day and night in the Metropolitan Tower and stirs the busy worker as he hurries on his way. Here are some of the facts about this clock. Twenty-six feet across the face and 218 feet from the sidewalk. Hands twelve and eight feet long. Figures, four feet high. One hundred and ninety-eight electric lights in each dial, to say nothing of those in the hands. Above this clock stretches a tower the top of which is almost seven hundred feet from the ground. In comparison with this time-piece hundreds of church clocks in the same city are practically lost—Cottler's.

Advertising a Dog's Cemetery. For several years Parisians and English visitors to Paris have made pious pilgrimages to the Dogs' Cemetery on the Ile des Ravagnons, just outside the city. There they have read with emotion such inscriptions as "A mon toutou adore." "A mon malou cher!" and many others of a similar kind. But it now transpires that these tender tributes were the invention of some enterprising stonecutter who, when the graveyard was opened, in 1891, was given a monopoly for the tombstones to be erected over the graves of canine favorites. In order to attract others he erected fifty stones in various parts of the cemetery and engraved apocryphal inscriptions on them.

A Dead Poet Asked to Tea. All Paris laughed at the Duchesse de Rohan this week when it was discovered that Paul Verlaine, the dead poet, had been invited to attend the latest of her literary teas, which she has been giving the last ten years. The card was sent to the address of Verlaine's publisher, who has lately brought out an edition of his posthumous works. The explanation, it seems, is that Mme. de Rohan entrusted the directing of her invitations to her valet, who took the names of the authors of the newest books sent her as his guide. The duchesse took the blunder very hard at first, but is said now to have quite recovered her equanimity.

Next Thing. The shades of night were falling. Swiftly and gracefully an aeroplane descended, landing as lightly as a feather on the smooth roadway of the boulevard. Forth stepped an elegantly attired man, wearing a mask. Snatching a purse from a richly appareled dame who was passing, he stepped back into the aeroplane and was soaring aloft and disappearing in the distance before it occurred to the astonished victim to let loose a scream.

Accused Curiosity. "Beg pardon," said the hotel clerk, "but what is your name?" "Name!" echoed the indignant guest, who had just registered. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?" "I do," answered the clerk, calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity!"

Quantity Not Quality. Teacher—Willie, have you whispered to-day without permission? Willie—Yes, mam, wurst. Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wurst"? Johnnie (Triumphantly)—No, mam, he should have said "twicet."

A Straight Tip. Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mam, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

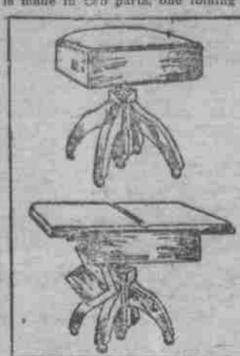
Baby vs. Art. The greatest living tenor was calling on some valued acquaintances, and as an unusual mark of favor offered to sing something. "Thank you so much," said his hostess sweetly, "but I'm afraid you'd waste baby."

Notes and Comment
Of Interest to Women Readers.

EXTENSION PIANO STOOL.

Can Be Made to Accommodate Two When Duet is in Order.

A piano stool that can be made single or double, as the requirements may be, has been designed by an Illinois man. It resembles the ordinary single stool, but when duets are to be played it can be extended to accommodate two people. The seat is made in two parts, one folding on



The other. The sides of the seat are detachable and when it is desired to extend the stool two opposite sides are let down and the seat opened up like a book and slid over to a point which brings the support in the center of the double seat where the weight may be evenly distributed. Hereby the only way to provide for duets without having extra stools was to have a bench that would accommodate two players, as chairs of the proper height are not always at hand. Some musicians prefer a single stool to a bench, and with the invention here described it is possible to suit all concerned.

JUST WHAT A HOUSEKEEPER NEEDS NOW.

Non-Meat Menus. The following menus will give to the body the same elements of nutrition contained in meat in approximately the right combinations and proportions:

- BREAKFAST. Oranges or Apples Mixed Nuts Cereal-Flakes with Cream and Maple Sugar BANANA COFFEE LUNCHEON. Fruit Salad with Whipped Cream Pennuts Brazil Nuts Tender Carrots scraped and cut in strips Corn Bread Sweet Butter Buttermilk One or two Figs DINNER. Cream of Corn with CROUTONS Celery Vegetable Salad with Dressing Carrots in Cream Baked Beans Protoid Nuts Rye Bread Coconut Cream Pudding Milk or Banana Coffee

- BREAKFAST. Dish of Soaked Prunes or Apricots Cereal Flakes with Cream DINNER. Protoid Nuts Banana Coffee LUNCHEON. Salad of Lettuce, Celery, Apples and Nuts English Walnuts Unfermented Whole Wheat Gems Sweet Butter Very Ripe Banana with Cream Dates or Raisins Milk DINNER. Cream of Tomato Celery Ripe Olives Spinach Spaghetti with Grated Cheese Cern Bread Sweet Butter Protoid Nuts Home Made Ice Cream Banana Coffee

- BREAKFAST. Baked Apple with Cream Two Tablespoons Nuts Whole Wheat or Corn Bread Butter Glass Milk or Banana Coffee LUNCHEON. Vegetable Salad—Cabbage, Celery, Nuts With Oil or Lemon English Walnuts Whole Wheat or Rye Bread Peanut Butter Milk (Buttermilk preferred) Prunes DINNER. Cream of Pea Soup with CROUTONS Celery Protoid Nuts Onions in Cream Baked Potatoes Whole Wheat Bread Peanut Butter Prune Whip with Cream Milk or Banana Coffee

Tips About Underlinen. Nearly all the new underlinen is trimmed with hand made embroidery. Little and good seems to be the rule, no matter what decoration is used.

A Strange Survival. It is illegal to sing, hum or whistle the "Dead March" outside of a church or cemetery. At one time this law was very strictly enforced, and even today a soldier found guilty of strolling or otherwise rendering the famous march other than at a military funeral would be severely censured.—London Household Words.

Pools get married and wise men stay married.—From Life.

The Scar of Fate

The girl gazed at the doctor with frightened eyes. "Oh, no," she moaned, "My face! My beauty! It is all I have. I cannot lose it. You shall not take it from me."

The doctor had become known to the world as a famous surgeon; but there were times when he was a man. For a moment he forgot the delicate operation that was to save this girl's life while it marred her fair face, and remembered only that he was a man looking upon a beautiful woman in sad distress.

"Beauty!" he sneered. "What matters a pretty face! Have you no soul? Are you afraid?"

The faint accomplished its intended purpose and checked the approaching storm of tears.

"Soul!" she retorted. "What use have I for a soul? Yes, I am afraid." "So?" he said, with mockery still in his tone. "All women are alike. What is a soul compared to a pretty face? For pretty faces bring flattery and gaudy and—"

"And all men are alike!" she interrupted, stung into unintended self-revelation. "Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! What is my face to me? I hate it! But I cannot lose it. I am not wise, or great, or learned; but because I am a beautiful man will pay their money to watch me dance and sing and smile. Do they think I enjoy it? But what am I to do? How can I stop when my mother is in the Home for Consumptives and there is no money except what I am able to earn? How is she to live if you spoil my beauty? And the man I am to marry? Do you suppose that he will still care for me?"

"Marry?" the doctor was surprised to hear himself saying. "Why should you marry? Do you love him?" "Love him?" she exclaimed. "Love him! He is rich. He is an artist. He likes to paint my face. I am too tired to dance since I have been sick."

The doctor walked over to the window and stood gazing out into the busy street. He wanted to speak, but he felt that words would choke him. The girl watched him, wondering. After a while he turned toward her again.

"I will do my best to cure you without an operation," he said slowly. "But I am afraid that it will be impossible." "Oh, thank you," she murmured with the sound of tears in her voice, and hurried from the office.

Day after day she came there to have her face treated, but never again did she come near to losing her self-control or speak of herself. Instead she smiled and talked, and laughed and joked, and refused to be serious. But sometimes, when his fingers lay on her cheek, she shivered and drew away.

The doctor sat alone in his office. Outside the rain was beating dismally against the dripping eaves. He had been trying to read, but had flung his book away in sudden disgust at his inability to concentrate his thoughts upon its contents. Now he was idly watching the drops of water trickling down the window pane. Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice that seemed to him to come from within himself.

"Is that girl getting well?" it asked. "No," he answered aloud. "She is growing worse." "What will happen to her if you don't operate on her face?" the voice continued. "She will die," was his reply. "How long can she live?" "Not many months."

"Why didn't you do it long ago?" The doctor sprang to his feet with an exclamation. "Good heavens! What have I done! What have I done! Day after day I have let her come to me and have pretended that it was curing her when I know that I was doing her more harm than good. Day after day I have watched her growing weaker and thinner, when in half an hour I could have restored her to perfect health. Why? Why?"

"Because I would not heal her for that other man. Fool! Fool! Why didn't I know that I have been killing her because I love her? Love! Love! I am not fit to live. But I—must I give her to him?"

Hour after hour he paced the floor, struggling with his temptation. The next day he told her that it would be necessary for him to operate at once, and he wondered why she laughed instead of weeping, as he had thought that she would do.

The patient lay unconscious upon the operating table. The surgeon's knife had done its life-saving work but across the delicate cheek stretched a long, disfiguring scar. With sensitive, skillful fingers the surgeon inserted the last stitch. Then he straightened himself up and watched the nurse as she began to apply the bandages. Suddenly he turned to the man at his side.

"Is she to be your wife?" he inquired. "She was to have been," the other answered slowly, "but can you not see that a man with the soul of an artist can not marry a girl with a face like that?" "Soul of an artist!" the doctor stormed. "Soul of a paint pot! Could you not see that her soul was far more beautiful than her face? Go! You are not fit to touch her!"

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PATENTS Time Table ERIE RAILROAD. AT PORT JERVIS Cold Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauqua Lake, Cleveland Chicago and Cincinnati. Tickets on sale at Port Jervis points in the West and Southwest at lower rates than via any other first-class line. In effect June 21st, 1909. TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS: 48, Daily Express... 4.10 49, Daily Express... 5.45 50, Local Except Sunday... 6.10 44, Holiday only... 6.30 51, Daily Express... 6.54 A. M. 702, Way Sunday Only... 7.21 42, Local except Sun & Hol 7.52 50, Local Except Sunday... 10.50 4, Daily Express... 1.24 P. M. 701, Sunday Only... 2.30 24, Way daily expt Sunday... 3.20 3, Daily Express... 4.58 25, Way daily expt Sunday... 6.25 703, Local Sunday Only... 7.15 WESTWARD. No 7, Daily Express... 12.58 A. M. 47, Daily Express... 3.35 17, Daily Milk Train... 5.10 A. M. 1, Daily Express... 11.94 115, For Ho'dale Expt Sun... 12.15 P. M. 2, Express Chicago via Ind... 5.30 26, Daily Except Sunday... 6.00 6, Limited Daily Express... 10.08 Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days at 8.30, 7.15, 9.15, 10.50 A. M., 1.50, 3.30, 4.30, 6.15, 7.15, 9.15, 12.45 P. M. On Sundays, 7.30, A. M. 12.10, 1.10, 7.30, 9.15 P. M. H. L. SLAUSON, Ticket Agt., Pt. Jervis N. Y. Wm. H. Hawley, Div'n Passng. Agent, Chambers St. Station New York

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NOTICE. The Commissioners of Pike County will hereafter hold Regular Meetings on the 4th day of each month, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. excepting in the months when Court may be in session, and then during Court. THEO. H. BAKER, County Clerk.

For Rent. Furnished rooms to rent. Enquire of Mrs. Etta Polton, Corner Broad and Ann Streets, Milford, Pa. The Man and the Lion. When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons." "How did it work?" asked his companion. "Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me." "Strange! How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."

Her Knowledge. Father—Well, Carolyn, how do you like school? Carolyn (aged six)—Oh, so much, papa! Father—That's right, daughter. And now what have you learned to-day? Carolyn—I've learned the names of all the little boys. J. C. CHAMBERLAIN Real Estate Agent. Houses and Lots and lots without houses. Dealer in all kinds of Property. Notary Public ALL BUSINESS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION Office at Residence on Water Street. Milford, Pa.